

The contention of the two famous Houses,

You haue no children diuels, if you had,
The thought of them would then haue stopt your rage,
But if you euer hope to haue a sonne,
Looke in his youth to haue him so cut off,
As traitors you haue done this sweet young Prince.

Edw. Away, and beare her hence.

Queene. Nay nere beare me hence, dispatch
Me heere, heere sheathe thy sword,
Ile pardon thee my death. Wilt thou not?
Then *Clarence*, do thou do it.

Cla. By heauen I would not do thee so much ease.

Queene. Good *Clarence* do, sweet *Clarence* kill me too.

Cla. Didst thou not heare me sweare I would not do it?

Queen. I, but thou vst to forswear thy selfe,
Twas sinne before, but now tis charity.
Where's the diuels butcher, hard-fauoured *Richard*,
Richard where art thou? He is not here,
Murder is his almes-deed,
Petitioners for blood, hee'l nere put backe.

Edw. Away I say, and take her hence perforce.

Qu. So come to you and yours, as to this Prince.

Edw. Clarence, whether is *Gloster* gone?

Cla. Marry my Lord to London, and as I guesse,
To make a bloody supper in the Tower.

Edw. He is sudden if a thing come in his head.
Well, discharge the common soldiours with pay
and thanks, and now lets toward London,
To see our gentle *Queene* how she doth fare,
For by this I hope she hath a sonne for vs.

Exeunt omnes.

Enter Gloster to King Henry in the Tower.

Glo. Good day my Lord. What at your booke so hard?

Hen. I my good Lord. Lord I should say rather,
Tis sinne to flatter, good was little better,
Good *Gloster*, and good *Diuell*, were all alike,
What scene of death hath *Rosine* now to acte?

Glo. Suspition alwaies haunts a guilty minde.

Hen.

of Yorke and Lancaster.

Hen. The bird once limde, doth feare the fatall bush,
And I the haplesse maile to one poore bird,
Haue now the fatall obiekt in mine eie,
Where my poore young was limde, was caught and kild.

Glo. Why, what a foole was that of *Creete*?

That taught his sonne the office of a bird,
And yet for all that the poore Fowle was drownd.

Hen. I *Dedalus*, my poore sonne *Icarus*,
Thy father *Minos* that denide our course,
Thy brother *Edward*, the sunne that searde his wings,
And thou the enuieft gulfe that swallowed him.

Oh better can my breast abide thy daggers point,
Then can mine eares that tragicke history.

Glo. Why dost thou thinke I am an executioner?

Hen. A persecutor I am sure thou art,
And if murdering innocents be executions,
Then I know thou art an executioner.

Glo. Thy sonne I kild for his presumption.

Hen. Hadst thou bin kild when first thou didst presume,
Thou hadst not liude to kill a sonne of mine,
And thus I prophesie of thee.

That many a widow for her husbands death,
And many an infants water standing eie,
Widowes for their husbands, children for their fathers,
Shall curse the time that euer thou wert borne.

The Owle shrikt at thy birth, an euill signe,
Thenight Crow cride, aboding lucklesse tune,
Dogs howld, and hideous tempests shooke downe trees,

The Rauens rookt her on the Chimnies top,
And chattering Pies in dismall discord sung,
Thy mother felt more then a mothers paine,
And yet brought forth lesse then a mothers hope,

To wit: an vndigest created lumpe,
Not like the fruite of such a goodly tree,
Teeth hadst thou in thy head when thou wast borne,

To signifie thou cam'st to bite the world,
And if the rest be true that I haue heard,

Q. 3.

Thou.